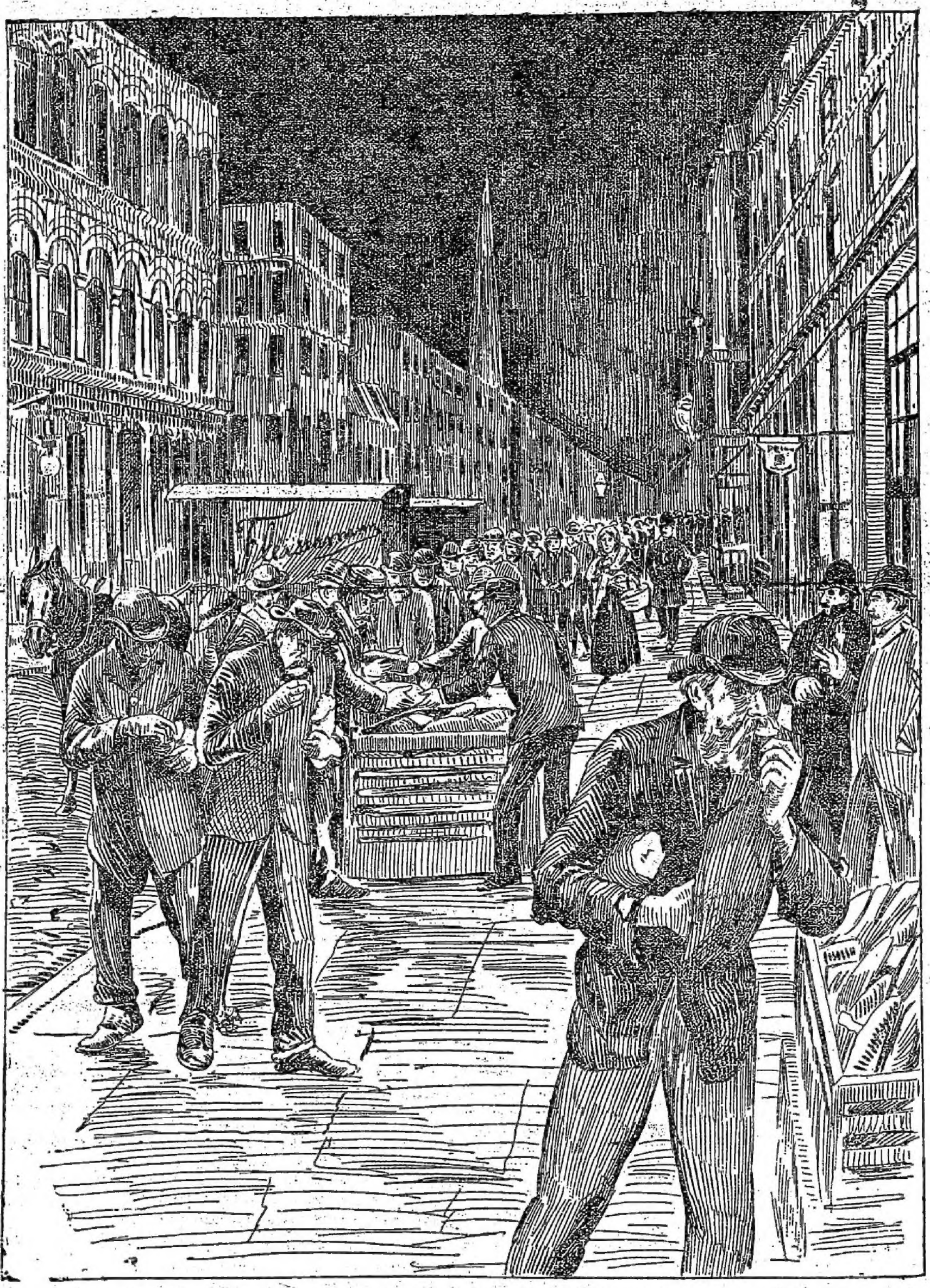
Lillie Pozer
EDITOR

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXII., No. 13 MONTREAL & NEW YORK, MARCH 26, 1897. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.



A UNIQUE NEW YORK CHARITY—FREE MIDNIGHT DISTRIBUTION OF BREAD AND COFFEE.
—From the 'Christian Herald.'

An Odd Midnight Charity.

If the absence of ostentation and public display in the administering of our charities be a merit (as the Scriptures declare), there is assuredly a special degree of merit and worthiness in the very remarkable charity which our artist has depicted in the strong and realistic illustration on the first page of this issue. When all New York with the exception of the few whose callings keep them up at night, is fast asleep, and when the great avenues of trade are silent and deserted, any pedestrian who might happen to walk in the vicinity of Tenth street and Broadway about midnight would witness a singular sight. Along the sidewalk on the northerly side of Tenth street he would see a long line of men, and if he were to go sufficiently near, he would discover that they were in almost every instance poorly clad, and hungry-looking, eager faces and a general air of helpless poverty. This line, usually about 300, but sometimes nearly 500 strong, assembles every night at the same hour, and by twelve p.m. it is complete. Sometimes there are a few destitute looking women in the line but the great majority are men. The head of the line is midway between Fourth avenue and Broadway.

At the stroke of midnight, a door opens and light streams out on the dark sidewalk. The crowded line presses up toward the open doorway, where several white capped and white aproned men stand beside great piles of loaves of bread. There is a grateful odor of coffee, too, and it is soon apparent that the outside crowd is appreciative of the fact, for they press the harder as one after another at the head of the line recives from the white capped men a loaf and a mug of coffee, and then, mumbling his thanks, marches off to make room for the next. Some receive half a loaf, others a whole one, and if the night be chill and frosty, the coffee is in as much demand as the bread. And so the distribution proceeds, until all are supplied. Some carry their loaves home, to wife or children, hungrier, perhaps, than themslves. Others begin to eat their portion at once and gulp down their steaming coffee. In cases of special need a couple of loaves are given. By one o'clock the line has vanished, the door has closed, and Tenth street has resumed its wonted quiet.

This unique scene—the only midnight charity in America—is enacted nightly at the Vienna Bakery, whose Tenth street side entrance is directly opposite the great busines block erected by the late A. T. Stewart. It has been going on for twenty years past, though comparatively few New Yorkers know it. In 1876, Mr. Louis Fleischmann, having a successful business there, decided to give to the poor all the bread that was left undisposed of after his waggons came in for the night. He began to give a few dozen loaves at first, but the demand for the bread grew, and the gift brought blessing, for his business steadily increased also. The midnight distribution is made all the year round in the hot, sweltering nights of summer and the arctic chill of the winter. Among the beneficiaries are poor, idle workingmen, and many homeless tramps, all nationalities being represented. There are never any discords in the quiet line that gathers nightly and which encircles nearly half the block; the men know that a disturbance would mean the stoppage of their free gift, and that they cannot afford to sacrifice. A loaf of bread means much to a penniless, homeless man in New York. There are at the present time many thousands of honest idle men in the city, and to this deserving class and those who may be dependent upon them, the nightly gift of a loaf or two come like heaven-sent manna.

The giver of this weekly secret charity (if anything that takes place on the streets of New York can be called secret), has purposely avoided publicity as far as possible; but the grateful prayers of the many thousands who have been helped by the 'midnight loaf,' during these twenty years, doubtless afford him a deeper and more enduring satisfaction than could be derived from mere worldly approbation of his generosity. It is truly Christian charity, with a single eye to the helping of a class whose members are helpless indeed.

The Pious Captain.

Captain H—— was master of a whale ship sailing from a Long Island port. He made no pretensions to piety, but during one voyage, for some reason which he could not explain, he became strongly impressed with a sense of his duty, took a decided stand for Christ, and became a Christian. The next Sunday he called his crew together and conducted divine worship. The men said, 'What's the matter with the captain? Nobody's been aboard to make him a Christian.'

Not long after, one Sunday, several whales appeared in sight. There were other whaling vessels near them, and every other ship sent out boats' crews to take the whales. But Captain H—— said, 'This is Sunday. Not a boat leaves my vessel to-day.' When he returned from that voyage he was met with a discharge by the owners. They wanted no such captain. When there were whales, whales must be taken, Sunday or not. After his return it transpired that in the town from which he had sailed, a number of the good Christian people in his absence had been thinking about Captain H——, and had made him the subject of special prayer. At that very time when they were praying he was converted, and the Sunday when he commenced having divine worship on shipboard was the next one after they had been offering special prayer for him. Now he was suffering for Christ's sake, and these Christian men, feeling that they had prayed him into trouble, thought that they ought to pray him out of it. They also believed that prayer and works should go together. A number of them formed a sort of syndicate. They bought as fine a whaling ship as could be found in the United States, placed Captain H—— in command of her, and he continued master of that ship as long as he wanted to go to sea, and was known as 'the pious captain.'

Although fidelity to principle is not often, perhaps, followed so promptly by recognition and reward as in this case, yet we may be sure that he who has the Christian manliness to act up to his convictions of duty, though it be apparently to his own loss, shall not lose his reward here or hereafter. —'Congregationalist.'

Round the World.

Let us throw ourselves with new energies and determination and enthusiasm into a great forward movement to carry the gospel of the Son of God to every creature in our lifetime. There is manifest need of it. Might we not take a short trip around the world? Before we leave our own country we might remind ourselves that there is in the United States and Canada, on an average, one Christian worker to every forty-eight people. Let us begin our tour with Mexico and South America. In these two regions there is only one Christian worker to every 32,000 people. On to Japan. Japan is said to be the Sunrise Kingdom; it is in a physical, and, thank God, in a spiritual sense, and yet in Japan to-day there are 100,000 more Buddhist temples than individual Christians. On to China. We might have started several years ago and have taken a horseback ride with Professor Stinson and have cut a swathe a thousand miles by a thousand miles and have touched only one mission station; and since then only a few missionaries have gone into that wide expanse. We talk about the needs of our great cities, and yet note, there are in China to-day 913 walled cities having in them a population of 25,000,000 people without a single missionary. On to Asia Minor. There in that region where Christ came into the world and founded his religion, there is only one Christian worker to every 100,000 people. On to Europe. Take Paris. We can listen to the words of Ney, said shortly before his death:—'There are in this city a hundred thousand men who have never had their hands on the bible, to say less of accepting its truths.' Before we come back, drop down into Africa. Go to a certain place on the Congo with Mrs. Guinness. A thousand miles in one direction before you come to the first mission station on the great lakes! One thousand, seven hundred miles on the northwest before you come to the Red Sea, and not a single missionary light burning between you and the waters! Two thousand two hundred miles to the Mediterranean, and not a single missionary there! We are told that it is the great desert. True. It includes the Soudan of 90,000,000 souls; and 2,500 miles to the northwest before you come to the North African station! About seven hundred miles to the westward before you leave the last station behind you, and a thousand miles to the south-west before you come to the American station at Bihe! Just think of it! An immense circle encompassing 120,000,000 to 180,000,000 people with less than sixty missionaries!—J. R. Mott.

Julia Ward Howe's Battle Hymn.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of His
terrible swift sword:
His day is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim
and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished
rows of steel:
'As ye deal with my contemners, so with
you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the
serpent with His heel!
Since God is marching on.'

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before
His judgment seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be
jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures
you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free,
While God is marching on.

How Joe Trusted.

'N. Y. Observer.'

'Who is going to offer himself for a ride to San-ka-do-te's to bring back a sack of potatoes?' asked the missionary mother, turning her face expectantly towards her group of boys.

'O, mother!' exclaimed Tom, 'I can't go! I assure you, I really can't. There's the pasture fence father said I was to fix.'

'Did father say it was to be done to-day, Tom?'

'No, mother,' hesitated Tom; 'but I know he wants it done as soon as I can do it.'

'Well, I think my boy has shown no disposition up to this time to do it speedily. If the fence is to be fixed, then I think the book you have been reading for the last hour or so had better be put up, Tom.'

Tom closed the book with a sheepish look, and went hastily from the room.

'Mr. Morris said he might need me at the store this afternoon,' said Henry, jumping up with sudden alacrity.

His mother smiled as the door closed after him. Then she sighed.

'Why, of course, mother, I'll go!' cried the youngest, Joe, as he ran to her, and threw his arms around her. 'Only, you know, you've always said I was too small for such long errands. But only try me this time, mammie dear, and I'll show you what a smart errand boy I can be.'

'But it is seven miles,' protested his mother.'

'I know the way, though, sweetheart mother.'

'But the river, Joe, darling?'

'O, that is shallow now, mother dear. Besides, I'll be ever so careful. Trust me, mother.'

'That mother will, and gladly, too, my boy. She is, indeed thankful she has one son who doesn't make excuses when errands are to be done.'

With these words she stooped and kissed him, right where the freckles were thickest on his cheek, and after that Joe would have ridden clear across the Kiowa Reservation and back again had she bidden him.

'Heigho! Master Josephus, going after the poor-tatoes, eh?' called Tom quizzingly, as Joe rode out of the stable yard on his pony, Wanda. 'Well, don't try to bring 'em behind you. You aren't yet smart enough for that, let your oldest brother inform you.'

'All right,' said Joe, good-naturedly, 'thank you, Tom.'

Tom stared. Well really, there wasn't so much fun after all teasing Joe. But he made one more effort.

'And look out for the spectre of the Wichita! He's always down upon the Blowing Rock, you know, specially when the shadows grow dark in the swamp.'

This time Joe made no reply and Tom could see that his shaft had hit the mark. He chuckled to himself with satisfaction. Wicked Tom! For poor Joe had one great weakness. This was a fear of ghosts, spirits, hobgoblins and the like.

San-ka-do-te was a Christian Kiowa Indian. He had been converted under the teaching of Joe's father. Since then he had settled down in a permanent home and stopped his roving life on the plains. He showed a strong liking for agriculture, something unusual among the Indians. Consequently he tilled his little farm industriously and had many things to sell when others of the Indians who could have done as well, were going about begging.

San-ka-do-te greeted Joe warmly, for with the old Indian the missionary's little boy was a great favorite.

After the sack had been filled with the potatoes, he beguiled Joe into the house with the promise of some walnuts and a story.

Now, San-ka-do-te could tell the most marvellous stories, for he had been a great warrior in his day.

When at last Joe came out to mount the pony, the sun was nearly an hour lower than it ought to have been when he started homeward. Some clouds, too, had begun to gather, so that it looked even later than it was.

'I will coax Wanda to walk as fast as she can,' said Joe reasuringly to himself. 'And she can trot a little with the potatoes. I will hold the sack.'

The clouds grew darker and darker. Now the sun was almost hidden. In a little while it was completely blotted out.

'It is going to rain,' said Joe with a little shiver. 'I am sure of it. What shall we do?'

All at once he thought of a wood chopper's cabin not far away.

He had barely time to reach the cabin and coax Wanda through the doorway, when the rain began to fall. Soon it came down in torrents.

It poured for fully a half hour, then the storm ceased as suddenly as it had come. The sun even came out, but did not shine with much strength, it was now low in the west.

'I'm afraid I'll not reach home before night,' said Joe anxiously, as he mounted Wanda again and rode off.

The shadows were lying long and dark within as Joe neared the edge of the swamp. One thing comforted him. He knew it was not very far through it to the bank of the river. But suddenly he thought of what Tom had said about the spectre. He was nearing the rock known as the Blowing Rock, because of the noises like the wind that came from it, the voice of the spectre, many said. Would the spectre be abroad at this hour? Tom had said it came when the shadows gathered. Did he know? O, what should he do if he saw it? Involuntarily he shut his eyes.

All at once he opened his eyes at a sound that came to him. Even the spectre was for the time forgotten. It was the noise made by the river as it rushed onward. It had been very shallow as he came over, not much more than to Wanda's knees. But what was it now? The rain had been long and hard, and Joe knew how easily the streams of the territory filled up after a rain like this.

As Joe came to the bank, he could see in the gray light the foam on the water as it went speeding along.

He stood on the bank a moment, troubled and perplexed, not knowing what to do.

'But I must go home,' he said at length. 'Mother will be so uneasy.'

He urged the pony down the bank and into the stream. She seemed unwilling. Wanda knew better than Joe. She had had experiences with this same Wichita before.

The little brown pony, though she took the water reluctantly, yet, nevertheless, when once she was in, started sturdily for the opposite shore. Joe's heart began to beat faster and faster as he saw the water climbing higher and higher up Wanda's legs until it was almost on a line with the white spot on her breast. Then Wanda began to sway. What could be the matter? There seemed to be something pulling at her feet, trying to pull them from under her. And just then, to Joe's dismay, he felt the sack of potatoes slipping. He made a clutch at it to steady it, lost his balance, and went plunging headlong into the water, and with him the potatoes.

Joe was twelve years old, but he did not know how to swim. He had always been a timid child, and afraid to learn. But sometime and somewhere he had heard Tom say, 'If ever you fall into the water, youngster, and don't know how to swim, don't fight with your hands, and get them above water. You'll drown then sure enough. Keep them under and paddle, yes, paddle like a duck.'

He thought of Tom and of what he had told him, and tried to obey, although he was so frightened. Naughty, teasing Tom! If Joe drowned surely he would be sorry for all he had said that very day. But Joe was not going to drown. Somehow, with all his fright,—this because the water was so cold and running so fast—the fear of drowning did not come to him. It couldn't be that he was going to die. He wouldn't believe it. Surely God didn't mean that he should. No; he would trust him. Only the summer before, at one of his father's meetings, Joe had given his heart to God.

'Father, what is it to be a Christian?' Joe had asked.

'It is to love and trust, my son,' had been the reply. 'You love God you say, now trust him.'

And from that day to this Joe had trusted.

He was trusting now, though he was in the midst of that rushing stream of water, and every moment it seemed he must go down.

'Dear God, dear Father in heaven,' prayed Joe, 'I am in the river. I can't swim and my feet don't touch the bottom. But you won't let me drown, I know. Dear God, I trust in you.'

Even as the words were uttered he felt something strike his face. Forgetting his brother's warning, he threw up his hand to push it away. His fingers closed about the branches of a tree that grew low down over the water. Quickly he caught hold, then with the other hand, too. He let his fingers slip along slowly, carefully, creeping nearer the main part of the tree. All this time the water was seeking to bear him away, but he clung manfully to the limb.

The minutes passed. They seemed like hours to poor Joe. Could he hold on much longer? He would try. Surely God would save him. He had trusted; he was trusting then, even though the water rushed about him, and every moment it seemed he must let go his hold.

'Joe, Joe,' called a voice from the bank almost above him.

'O, father,' cried Joe in response, this time to an earthly parent, who, alarmed by the rain storm and his prolonged absence, had come in search of him. Meeting the pony not far from the bank, he had felt with a sinking heart what might be the fate of his son.

Fortunately, Joe had been washed across the river to the very bank beyond which home lay, and there he had clung bravely to the branches of the tree until his father came.

'I knew you would come, father,' he said as he lay white and exhausted in his father's arms; 'I knew God would send you or some one for I trusted.'

A. M. BARNES.

It is supposed that a man knowing the punishment to be annexed to a particular crime, will avoid it; but I believe nine-tenths of the crimes of violence committed throughout England originate in public-houses, and are committed under circumstances which exclude all reflection.—Justice Keating (1875).

Maggie's Golden Rule.

Elvira Benson, in 'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

Part I.

'Maggie, our ten have the loveliest plan! We have all agreed to it but you, and I know you will because you are always so ready to help every one. You know that Mrs. Green, who lived on Maple farm. They came here a little over a year ago, but hardly any one is acquainted with her, because she never has time to go anywhere. What with her five children, the twins only eight and three younger, the hired men and the large dairy, she is kept so busy that she has no time to make acquaintances. Now we girls are going to take turns taking care of the children on Saturday afternoons, so she can go out for a walk, make calls, or do whatever she likes and have a good rest.'

'And what will Mr. Green pay you for it Delia.?'

'Pay us! What do you mean? We are doing it for the Lord's sake.'

'I didn't know the Lord wanted us to help people to be mean,' replied Maggie.

'Why, Maggie, how strange you are today. I felt so sure that you would be glad to help in this, because you always seem to think of others before yourself.'

'Thank you, Delia. If there is any truth in what you say it is my reason for not being more interested in your plan. My school work every day, with the mile walk night and morning and extra studies in the evening, takes so much of my time as to leave more of the housework and sewing to mamma than she ought to do. So I try to help her all I can on Saturdays, and I do not feel that I ought to take any time from her to give to Mr. Green to save him the expense of a hired girl. If it were a case of need it would be different, but Mr. Green is rich and stingy, and he has no right to make a slave of his wife as he does.'

'But Mrs. Green cannot help it,' argued Delia. 'We are not doing it for Mr. Green, but for his poor overworked wife.'

'But he gets all the benefit of it all the same,' replied Maggie. 'I do feel sorry for Mrs. Green, and would like to help her if I could. And I can,' she added with sudden energy, 'and I will.'

But not a word more would she say. To all Delia's coaxing she only replied: 'Wait and see, I don't know that I have the courage.'

Her suddenly formed plan was to go to Mr. Green and hold him up to himself as he was seen by his neighbors. 'It is a dreadful thing to do' she said to herself, 'but I do believe some one ought to do it. But no one will. They will all talk about it, and say what a shame it is, and how they pity Mrs. Green, but no one will go straight to Mr. Green unless I do. I almost wish I had not thought of it, but the more I think of it the more reasonable and right it seems to me. I think it would be following out the golden rule, too. If I were in her circumstances I should want some one to help me if they could. It's no use saying I'm sorry for her unless I do what I can to help her—and I'll try, anyhow.'

Her opportunity soon came. Mr. Green overtook her one morning on her way to school, and invited her to a seat in his carriage. 'Now or never,' thought Maggie, and a more astonished man than Alonzo Green it would have been hard to find, when, having seated himself beside him, she opened her epistle to Alonzo, and talking very rapidly lest her courage fail her, she told him without sparing his feelings in the least just what she thought of him and the way he treated his wife. 'I felt sure you did not realize it, sir,' she concluded, "for of course you love her too well to hurt her if you only thought about it.'

'So this is the way my neighbors are gossiping about me while they are pretending to be my friends. I suppose you have canvassed this thing pretty thoroughly among you, young lady?'

'O, no, sir,' said Maggie earnestly. 'Our ten have a rule never to speak evil of any one. I have not mentioned this even to mamma. I thought it would be kinder to come right to you with it. I hope I have not offended or hurt you, sir. I certainly did not mean to.'

'I don't know, miss. You certainly have astonished me. I am not capable of analyzing my feelings any farther than that at present. Good morning,' as Maggie alighted at the school-house door.

Alonzo Green did a great deal of thinking during the week that followed. And very furtively he watched his wife as she went about her daily work. 'Strange he had not noticed how her cheeks had lost their pretty soft roundness that he had been so proud of only a few years ago. There were actually a few grey hairs among the sunny braids. And how thin and hard her hands were that were once so plump and dimpled.'

Farmer Green was not demonstrative. His wife noticed no difference in his treatment of her; and Maggie Bryan, eagerly watching for the effect of her daring venture, had decided that it was a failure before he made any sign. Then, as she was walking rapidly home from school one evening a pleasant voice called out:

'Good evening, Miss Bryan. Will you ride with me again? You don't happen to know of a young lady who could be persuaded to come and look after our youngsters a few weeks, do you? Mrs. Green and myself are about taking a trip to Niagara, if we can find a suitable person to leave in charge during our absence.'

'O yes, sir, I know the very person,' said Maggie delightedly. 'Such a sweet girl. She was out here last summer, sent by the Fresh Air Society. She works in a store in the city, and it is too confining for her. She was so thin and pale when she came, and the two weeks in the country did her so much good. We have corresponded ever since, and in her last letter she said she could not hope to come again this summer. There are so many who need the rest and change that all must have their turn. Oh, I know she will think this a godsend.'

'Write to her at once,' said Mr. Green, 'and before you send the letter I will see that you have a railway ticket to enclose in it. No, no thanks, I detest them.' And he drove rapidly away, leaving Maggie astonished but happy at her own gate.

Part II.

No words could describe Mrs. Green's surprise and pleasure when, in his singular, abrupt manner, her husband told her of his plans for the trip.

'No use to bother about sewing,' he said. 'We can buy all you need and a trunk to put them in as we go through L——. We'll start as soon as that girl can come from the city.'

Mrs. Green knew her husband too well to express her gratitude in words. But she did what she had not done for many months. She went up to him and laid an arm about his neck and kissed him. He put his arm about her waist and drew her down to his knee.'

'You are losing your good looks, Lucy, and it is not creditable to me. I must take better care of you.' This from silent, reserved Alonzo Green meant more than whole volumes of confession and promises from some men; and his wife understood it as he meant it, that he was sorry for the past and meant to make the future different.

Grace Collins was so tired as she stood behind Lyon & Turner's glove counter. It was bargain day and the rush had been something terrible. It was hot and her head ached, and worst of all, Mr. Turner had that morning called her into his private office and offered her a month's vacation, and she had been obliged to decline it because she had no relatives to visit except a brother in a far away state, and paying for her board was out of the question. It was hard for her to make both ends meet at the best, and any unnecessary expense was not to be thought of. With her inherited tendency to lung trouble she dared not 'rough it,' as some of the girls did, to keep down expenses. She was obliged to eat good nourishing food, and her dress in the winter must be of the warmest, or she could not keep her frail body up to the mark of earning a livelihood. This, with occasional doctor's bills, which she could not avoid, kept her purse at a very low ebb, even when she worked all the time and spent as little as possible.

She was thinking of this as she stood leaning against the counter for a moment in an interval of rest, and, brave little woman though she was, her heart almost failed her. 'But courage,' she said to herself, "ye are of more value and many sparrows," unconsciously repeating the words she had read that morning.

'A letter for you, Miss Grace.' The voice of Jim, the errand boy, broke in upon her reverie.

It was a very excited Grace who a few minutes later knocked at Mr. Turner's office door and asked to see the junior partner.

'Is the offer you made me this morning still open, Mr. Turner?'

'Yes, Miss Collins. Have you changed your mind?'

For answer she handed him the letter, with the railway ticket enclosed.

'I am very glad for you, Miss Collins. You are one of our most faithful helpers, and I rejoice in your good fortune. You will wish to go soon?'

'To-morrow, if I may.'

He bowed. 'There is nothing to prevent you.'

The short trip to Glendale seemed to Grace like a journey to a heavenly country. She could hardly believe she was the same weary girl who had stood yesterday behind Lyon & Turner's glove counter.

Everything on the farm was new to her, but with the assistance of the strong-armed German girl whom Mr. Green had hired to do the heavy work, she learned so fast that in a week Mrs. Green told her husband she felt perfectly safe to go and leave everything in her care.

It would be hard to tell which enjoyed the next month most, Mrs. Green at Niagara or Grace Collins on the farm. A letter had been received from the travellers announcing their return in a few days, and Grace sat on the piazza with the children talking it over.

'Must 'oo do 'way when mamma tomes home? Me don't want 'oo do 'way.' This from little Walter, who was Grace's special pet.

'She need not go away unless she chooses,' said Lena, the oldest girl. 'I heard papa tell mamma before you came, that if you suited he should ask you to stay always.

Boys and Girls.

Jerry's Trial Service.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

Jerry Eliot had just ended his first visit at home since he entered college. He was on his way back to the station and had stopped off at Antoinette Marcy's gate to say good-bye again.

'Aren't we proud and imposing?' laughed Antoinette. 'We are not going up tremblingly to examinations. We are a "college man," full-fledged; now we can hold our head high, and assume airs.'

'I have not assumed an air,' retorted Jerry. 'You know I have not. I have been as humble-minded as if I were nothing in the world but a simple little country girl.'

Antoinette flashed a withering glance at him. Then suddenly, her expression changing, she leaned her arms on top of the gate, and bent toward him to ask:

'And, Jerry, are you being a good boy at college?'

'Yes, ma'am, I'm trying.'

'What do you do?'

'Learn my lessons, and keep straight, and try to be on the right side of things. I go to meetings, too, a-plenty.'

'To your class prayer-meetings?'

'Indeed I do,' triumphantly. 'Somebody thought she had me then. I always go. I am perceived to be a pillar.'

'Do you make remarks?'

'Indeed I do not! Not by any means?'

'Why?'

'Because it wouldn't be to the edification of my listeners.'

'Are you sure?'

Jerry nodded.

'It makes my teeth chatter to think about it. I should catch my death of cold if I tried. Honestly, I can't speak; and then, besides, lots of the other fellows can. I tell you we have some mighty good talking at our class prayer-meeting. They don't need me.'

'Maybe they will some time. Then what?'

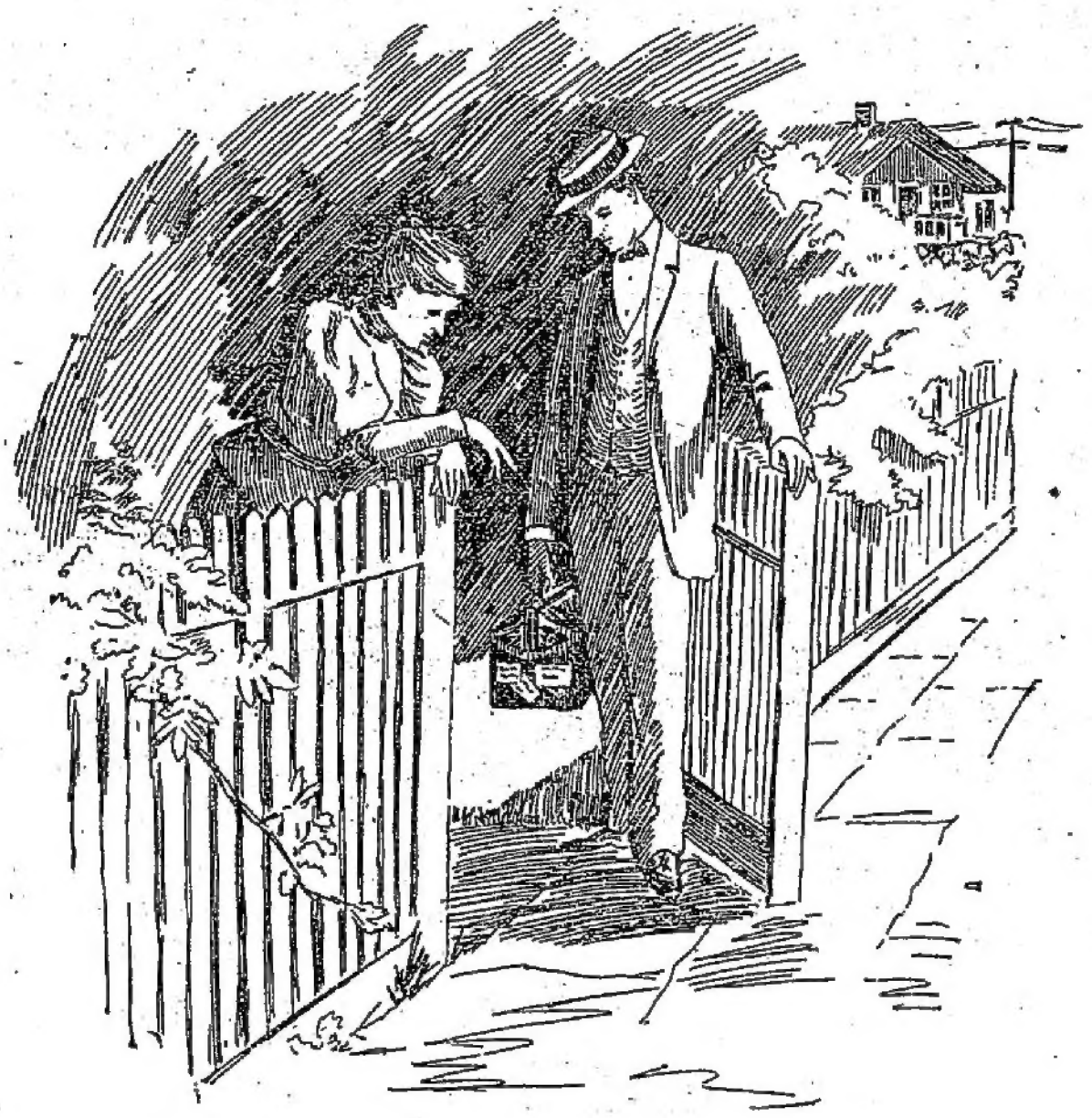
Jerry looked toward the station, and pulled out his watch.

'I've got to catch this train, you know.'

'So I will answer for you in order to save time. When they need you, then you will remember how nice you are, and how clever you are, and how many advantages you have had, and that you ought to be equal to occasions. It entails responsibilities to own anything so superior as that bag.'

The bag in question was certainly shabby enough. But it bore the railway mark of all the big European cities, and was the pride of Jerry's heart. He glanced at it, and laughed, and said he 'didn't know what the evidences of foreign travel had to do with leading prayer-meeting.'

'Everything has to do with letting your light shine. And anything like style is so very influential. Evidences of foreign travel will make exceedingly nice evidences of Christianity, if they are given the chance—try and see.'



BIDDING ANTOINETTE GOOD-BY.

It was perhaps as much as two months later before Jerry thought seriously of all this advice of Antoinette's. He was sitting one day in the reading room of the college library, when Shorty Fordyce came in, looking warm and tired.

'Hallo, Shorty,' said Ted Moran; 'you look as if you had been lining off the equator.'

'I tell you,' said Shorty, with as much eloquence as the muffled tone of the place would permit, 'you fellows don't know what it is to be a prayer-meeting committee. I have asked every man in the class that ever did such a thing in his life, to lead for me to-morrow night, and I can't get anybody—not anybody.'

His mates condoled with him, all except Jerry, who sat still for a time, considering At last he cleared his throat and said:

'See here, Shorty, I might do that for you, if you like. Perhaps it would be better than nobody, though I doubt it.'

This was how Jerry came to lead the class prayer-meting. On his next visit home, after a day or two, he said to Antoinette:

'You have not asked me whether I ever took your advice and turned parson.'

'I know I haven't.'

'Why?'

'I didn't like to nag.'

'Have you been reforming, too?' he asked, impertinently.

'You did lead the prayer-meeting, then?'

'I did, indeed.'

'And it was not so bad, after all, was it?'

'Wasn't it? They say Providence mercifully hides some things from us beforehand. This was one of them. I suffered tortures; and so did everybody else.'

'I am sorry,' said Antoinette, regretfully. 'But it will be easier next time.'

Jerry laughed. 'Nobody that wishes to be discouraged need ever apply to you, Antoinette.' Then his face grew sober. 'I dare say there will be 'next times.' At first I declared there never should be. The devil made the most that he could of my injured vanity. You know he does a big business in humble pie sometimes. But if Providence is clever at hiding things, it is just as clever, I guess, at revealing them.'

'What did it reveal?'

'I was going off on one of our banjo club concerts, and I got mixed up in the time. I had half an hour extra on my hands. So I went outside, and put my grip under my head, and lay down to wait. Pretty soon I heard voices. There is a fellow in our class by the name of Burton, a quiet sort of a chap, with nothing much to say for himself, except at recitations.'

'Rather a convenient exception, I should think,' put in Antoinette.

'You ought to know,' said Jerry. 'You have a great deal of experience in exceptions to that rule. This man Burton was saying to Ted Moran, 'Shorty Fordyce has been after me again to lead the class prayer-meeting." "Shorty will have to be gagged," said Ted. "He is worse than a book agent. I hope you told him so." "No, I didn't, I told him I would. I ought to have done it before." Ted whistled. So did I, softly, under my hat brim. "Who will be the next?" said Ted. "You fellows are getting awfully righteous." Burton laughed his nervous little laugh, and coughed a nervous little cough—that is the way he does, you know; he is one of the tremulous, apologetic kind. "No," he said, "I am afraid I am not righteous. You see, when a person who has lived in the country all his life, like myself, gets among a lot of you boys that are used to everything that he isn't, it makes him feel queer, and conscious, and tongue-tied. It is ridiculous, of course, and I am ashamed of myself, but sometimes when I have seen Jerry Eliot swing along the college walks with that European bag in his hand, I have wished I could run and hide my face in the woods forever." I was too astonished to move, and apparently Ted was too astonished to speak.'

'Go on,' said Antoinette, much interested. 'Tell the rest.'

'Pretty soon Burton began again. "My conscience," he said "has been telling me that I ought to take my turn at the meeting. But I would not listen. I tried to make the excuse that I was not any more obliged to do it than some of the others. The fact was that I was afraid I might not make a good display. And now I am mean enough to think that if anybody like Eliot, who has been everywhere and seen life, could get as scared as he did last Wednesday night, why, a plain farmer's boy like me might risk it, too." "Jerry did get pretty well winded," Ted said. "No doubt it will be the same

way with me," said Burton, "but I'm going to try it." And he did.'

'Poor fellow!' said Antoinette.

'Not a bit of it. He led like an old hand. I don't know what in the world became of all his coughs and tremors and frightened smiles. I wish you could have heard him. Why, the men listened for their lives; and I sat, and patted myself on the back, and felt as proud as if I had brought him up.'

'I don't wonder.'

'I shall never be a pulpit orator myself,' said Jerry, 'though I may, in time, bloom out into a rather fair stop-gap. But Burton is going to shine. I guess it is worth making a spectable of yourself, if it helps a Chrysostom any to open his mouth.'—'Forward.'

A Sheep That Strayed.

The most foolish sheep in all of Farmer Hapson's flock was certainly young Blackface. Though Farmer Hapson's shepherd was kindness itself, and kept the sheep where the pastures were freshest and greenest Blackface thought it could get along better alone. So off it ran one day, dodging down a narrow path, when none of the other sheep or the shepherd were looking.

But alas for its bright dreams! before the sheep had been gone for an hour it ran into a thicket and caught its wool in the brambles. No shepherd was near to release it, and it got away only after a tugging and pulling that tore its coat and scratched its sides. Blackface was very ready for a rest and a drink of cool water after this long and painful experience, but there was no shade in sight, since it had wandered, like a foolish sheep up the stony sides of the mountain. Neither was there any water, so Blackface wandered about hour after hour, growing more weary with every step, until the sun set behind the opposite mountain.

Poor sheep; Here it roamed, tired, stumbling, bruised, thirsty, and hungry, far away from shepherd and fold. And O, how lonely it was! Blackface never understood how good it was to have other sheep on every hand, and to crowd close together with them for warmth when it began to grow cold, as it was growing cold this evening, out on that deserted and darkening mountain.

But worse ills were in store for the poor wanderer. As it lay shivering and frightened beside a cold, damp rock, it heard a distant howl, a sound that it had heard once before near the sheepfold, making all the sheep cuddle together in a corner in terror. Then the shepherd's dog had driven off the wolf—so an older sheep had called it—but now there was no protection near, and Blackface shuddered with fear. Again and again was the howl repeated, each time the sound coming nearer. So scared was the lone sheep that it seemed likely that when the wolf reached it, for he surely was coming that way, the young wanderer would be dead with fright.

Just then another sound broke out on the night air, and never had anything before sounded so sweet to the ears of the now penitent Blackface. It was the voice of the shepherd, sounding loud and clear. A sharp yell from the disappointed wolf followed, as he turned away from seeking his prey and from his great enemy, man. Again the cry of the shepherd was heard, and this time Blackface answered with a pitiful bleat. In a moment it was in the shepherd's arms and being carried back to the fold. Now, if you go to that fold you will find Blackface happy and contented, and certain that the fold, with its companionship, comfort, provision, and protection, is the proper place for every sheep.

Some people, like this sheep, have found, that trying to be a Christian outside of Christ's fold, the church, is an undertaking filled with distress and peril. Every lover of Jesus ought to be a member of the church just as every sheep ought to belong to a fold.'—'Golden Rule.'

The Blessed Word.

Who doubts that, times without number, particular portions of Scripture find their way to the human soul as if embassies from on high, *each with its own commission* of comfort, of guidance, or of warning? What crisis, what trouble, what perplexity of life has failed or can fail to draw from this inexhaustible treasure-house its proper supply! And in forms yet more hidden and withdrawn, in the retirement of the chamber, in the stillness of the night season, upon the bed of sickness and in the face of death, the bible will be there, its several words how often winged with their several and special messages to heal and to soothe, to uplift and uphold, to invigorate and stir! Nay, more: amid the crowds of the court, or the forum, or the street, or the market place, where every thought of every soul seems to be set upon the excitements of ambition, or of business, or of pleasure, there, too, even there, the still, small voice of the Holy Bible will be heard, and the soul aided by some blessed word, may find wings like a dove, may flee away and be at rest.—Wm. E. Gladstone.

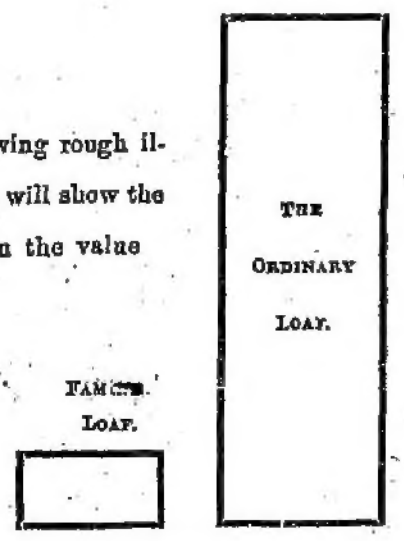
Smile It Down.

Every one who loves you
Loves to see you smile;
Loves to see you cheerful
And happy all the while.
Smiling comes so easy!
Do not wear a frown,
If you feel one rising,
Always smile it down.

—'The Household.'

The Indian Famine.

The following rough illustration will show the contrast in the value of bread.



The area afflicted in British India is half a million square miles, and is far greater than in any previous famine.

It is more than ten times the area of New York State, indeed, it is as extensive as the combined territory of the sixteen Atlantic States from Maine to Florida, with Ohio and Michigan thrown in.

The population of the famine districts in round numbers is as follows:

Punjab	8,000,000
North-west Provinces	28,000,000
Oudh	12,000,000
Bebar	16,000,000
Orissa	4,000,000
Central Provinces	5,000,000
Bombay	8,000,000
Madras	3,000,000
Total	84,000,000

The total population affected in 1876-78 was 58,000,000; in 1865-66, 47,500,000, and in 1868-69, 44,500,000.

Except in Southern India, Deltaire, Bengal and Sindh, which regions are independent of the rainfall, distress is practically universal in India to-day, owing to the high prices for food stuffs.

What is worse, this is only the beginning of the suffering. The London 'Chronicle,' from which the map is reproduced, calls attention to the sombre fact that under any circumstances the existing scarcity must grow until the arrival of the south-west monsoon next June.—'War Cry.'

when yours is the only visible gun, and Jim began mechanically picking at the flowers near him, wondering what he should do next. Sissie and Ethel were reading some way off. Nobody was in sight. He determined to be a burglar. The forest should be changed to a castle, and the flowers should be stolen goods. Jim knew Sissie had said, 'Don't pick the flowers,' but then Sissie's 'don'ts' were many, and Jim was apt to disregard them. So the flowers were gathered, and thrown away, and more picked. The castle was rapidly becoming dismantled, when suddenly before the astonished little burglar, the ogre of this enchanted castle appeared. In theory, Jim knew that a burglar should show fight, and escape in a marvellous manner. But Jim did not bring this knowledge into practice. He stood, a very shamefaced and terrified little boy, before the awful figure of a policeman, for to a mind of eight years the policeman is a very terrible personality, something more than human. It is only the mind of riper years, which sinks the function, and thinks only of the man.

'Don't you know that gathering wild flowers is against the rules, young man?' said the awful voice of the law. 'If you do that, you'll spend some time in the lock-up. Who are you with?'

Poor Jim, too terrified to speak, pointed to Sissie and Ethel in the distance. The policeman seized him by the arm, and led back the small culprit. 'If I catch this young gentleman breaking the rules again, I shall take him in charge. So you'll please notice him, miss;' and the awful policeman stalked away.

'Well, Jim, I am only surprised he did not take you straight off to prison,' said Sissie. 'I quite expected he was going to.'

'I don't think, after all, burglaring can be very exciting,' Jim confided afterwards to a small friend, 'especially if you are caught.'
—'Our Darlings.'

Annie's Question.

Jack and Annie were having a holiday by the sea-shore. Many children know what that means—would that all did! How they enjoyed it! They waded in the sparkling water; they gathered shells, yellow like gold, or shining 'silver buckles' as they called them; they had famous romps among the fishing boats drawn up on the shore; they built great castles of sand for the waves to wash away, or they played 'shops,' and weighed out sand for flour or sugar, or made 'houses' with the pebbles, and adorned them with their finest shells.

The days were not half long enough for all their pleasures. One morning, along with some of their little friends, they were building a 'house' which was to be finer than any they had made yet. All had brought their prettiest shells, but the most beautiful of all was one which little Mary Burns had found. It was the envy of all the children, it was so large, so finely marked, and had such a delicate pink lining. Jack especially coveted it, as he was making a collection of shells, and he had offered foreign stamps, pencils, all sorts of things in exchange for it in vain. Mary would not part with it. To-day he looked longingly at it as it lay on the sand, and when the children jumped up to look at a passing steamer, his hand stole out, and almost before he knew what he had done, the shell was in his pocket. He rose, and before Mary had noticed her loss, walked away along the shore. In a moment there was a cry from the group, and Annie's feet came pattering after him.

'Oh, Jack! why have you taken Mary's shell? She is so proud of it. It's too bad to tease her.'

Jack thrust his hands into his knicker pockets.

'Mind your own business. How do you know I've got Mary's shell?'

'I saw you lift it, Jack. You don't mean to keep it? Oh, Jack, you wouldn't!'

'What's that to you?' roughly.

'But, Jack, that would be wrong. It would vex Jesus! Is it worth vexing Him for a shell.'

In Jack and Annie's home, the name of Jesus was not a strange one. The children had been taught that an angry word or a selfish action would vex Jesus, as little Annie said, even more than father and mother. As the child uttered her simple question, the shell seemed to burn in Jack's hand. He drew it out, and without a word, went back and laid it in Mary's lap. She stopped crying, and soon all were busy with their game again; all but Jack, who wandered away along the shore, thinking of Annie's words.

And he never forgot them. Long afterwards, when all that was left of little Annie was a treasured curl of fair hair and her gentle memory, that question would rise up again in Jack's mind. At school and in business, fighting his way in the world, amid many temptations, he seemed to hear his sister's voice again. For a glass of whisky, a night of pleasure, a jolly spree, as his comrades called it, would he vex Jesus? Were any or all of those things worth grieving his best Friend? Annie's blue eyes seemed to look again into his, the childish voice rang again in his ears, 'Is it worth vexing Him for that?' and Jack would put the temptation aside, as he had given back the coveted shell, which had nearly made him a thief long years ago.

Try the same plan, children, if you are tempted to do anything wrong. Ask yourselves Annie's question, and if you do, it will keep you safe from many little temptations now, and the bigger, stronger ones you will be sure to meet when you grow older. Above all, if you are tempted by strong drink, and the glass is pressed into your hand, ask yourself; 'Is it worth vexing Jesus by taking this, which can neither make me braver, nor stronger, nor better?' and I am sure you will say 'No, it is not worth so much;' and you will set down the glass and resolve to have no more to do with it.—'Adviser.'

The Light That Is elt.

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night
Paused on the dark stair timidly,
'O, mother! take my hand,' said she,
'And then the dark will all be light.'

We older children grope our way,
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay;
Dear Lord, in Thine—the night is day,
And there is darkness never more.

Reach downward to the sunless days,
Wherein our guides are blind as we;
And faith is small, and hope delays.
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Might I give counsel to any young hearer, I would say to him: Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that.—Thackeray.

Temperance Catechism.

LESSON XII.

1. Q.—What is the work of the teeth?

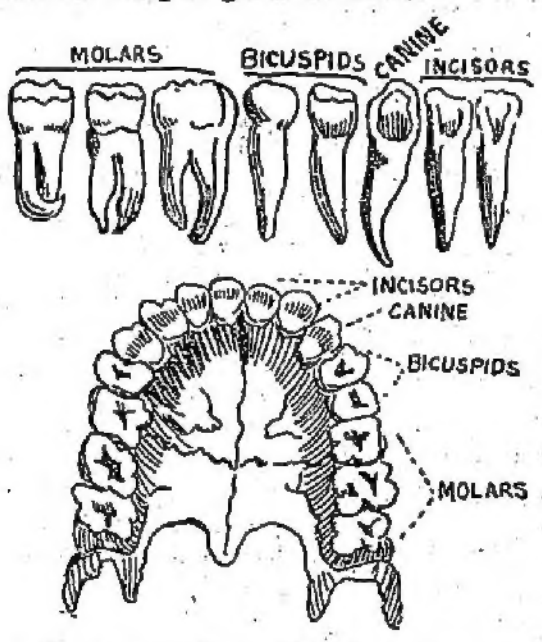
A.—The teeth are used to masticate or chew food, thus preparing it for the digestive organs.

2. Q.—How many teeth should one have?

A.—The first set consists of only twenty, commonly called "milk-teeth"; these begin to appear when a child is about six months' old and decay at the age of six or seven. The permanent set consists of thirty-two teeth.

3. Q.—Are the teeth all alike?

A.—The teeth vary in shape because they have different kinds of work to perform. The front ones are sharp for cutting; while the back ones are large and uneven, their business being to grind the food.



4. Q.—Is a tooth a solid piece of bone?

A.—If we break open a tooth we will find a hollow space inside it.

5. Q.—What causes pain in a tooth?

A.—When the nerves contained in the cavity of the tooth are in any way hurt or diseased this causes 'the toothache.'

6. Q.—What is the outside coating of the tooth called?

A.—Enamel. When this is broken or cracked the tooth rapidly decays. When we find a hole in one of our teeth we should at once have it filled by a dentist.

7. Q.—How should we care for our teeth?

A.—We must take great care to keep our teeth clean and whole. We should never pick them with a pin or any hard substance. We should never crack nuts with them as this is apt to break the enamel.

8. Q.—How should they be kept clean?

A.—We should brush them well after every meal with a soft brush. A celebrated dentist once said that the only way to keep beautiful teeth is never to allow a particle of food to remain in the mouth after a meal.

9. Q.—What temperance verse may we learn this week?

A.—'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.'

After Many Days.

A TRUE TEMPERANCE TALE.

By Alice A. and S. Jennie Smith.

In a certain hamlet in New Jersey there stands an old, gray weather-beaten church. For fifty years a worshipping congregation has gone in and out its doors, and for at least a century earlier various other edifices stood on the same site and served a similar purpose. Tradition tells of how on Saturday afternoon the good old farmers brought out their waggons and scrubbed them to the last degree of Dutch cleanliness, while the housewife performed the same office for the kitchen chairs. With the latter arranged in two rows in the vehicle, the family lumbered off to church.

But tradition's tales are not always of so pleasant a character; indeed, many an old person still remembers Dominie Van Tyne and his horn of whisky, while it is stated that the consistory meetings would have been tame affairs if not begun and ended with a drink of good old Holland. But after Dominie Van Tyne was gathered to his fathers, so great was the influence the drinking habit had obtained that spiritually and financially the church was almost a wreck. For a year it remained without a pastor. During that time a few faithful ones met each Sunday to sing and read and pray, or to listen to the words of a devout Scotchman who had lately joined them and been elected elder.

Weary at last of the effort of keeping up their sinking church, nearly all the members wished it closed, but the elders called a meeting to see what could be done. The amount of indebtedness was calculated, also the amount necessary for the maintenance of the church and the hiring of a pastor for one year; then the consistory assumed one-quarter of the whole, and called upon the people for subscriptions to make up the rest. Inspired by the good example of the officers and the burning eloquence of the Scotch elder, the people promised the requisite sum, and a young man fresh from the seminary was engaged to take the pulpit.

There was a revival of church going for a few Sundays, as the whole neighborhood wished to hear the new dominie, and for a while he gave entire satisfaction. But his visits among them showed him plainly what was sapping the spiritual life from his people, and one Sunday he ventured on a stirring temperance sermon. The opinion of the congregation was seen in the frowns that appeared first upon one face, and then upon another. The pastor concluded by saying that in three weeks a meeting was to be called to organize a Band of Hope among the boys and girls, and also for the purpose of listening to an address by a famous temperance orator.

Immediately after the service closed, little knots of men and women gathered around outside the church and discussed the dominie's announcement. A few were indifferent, but the larger number violently opposed. The next day the consistory waited upon the pastor and said decidedly that the church should not be opened for such a purpose. With heavy heart he sought the only one in the congregation who was in sympathy with him; that was the Scotch elder, and he, having been away from home for two or three days, knew nothing of the affair until the pastor told his story.

'The church shall be opened,' he exclaimed, 'leave that to me.'

Then for two succeeding Sundays the Scotchman himself, in loud, clear tones, announced that the lecture was to be given. No one opposed him, for everybody felt it would be unwise to incur the anger of so valuable a member.

The evening of the lecture the church was filled. There was but little amusement in that out-of-the-way place, and anything in the shape of a diversion was acceptable. With twenty boys and girls the Band of Hope was started, and dominie and elder worked together for the little society, making its meetings so pleasant that others were gradually drawn in among them.

On the first evening when the pledge was offered for signature, one twelve-year-old girl looked up saucily and said, 'God made apples, didn't he, dominie?'

'Yes, my child,' was the answer.

'And apples make cider, and cider makes whisky, and I am going to drink them.'

'Well, my child,' the dominie said quietly, 'if I can do anything to teach you differently, I shall. I fear you may drink them to your sorrow.'

For two years the society prospered, and then the pastor was called to a larger field, and the Scotch elder slept beside other workers in the little hill cemetery. With the coming of different persons in their places, attention was given to other matters, and the Band of Hope dissolved. But who shall measure the good done in those months of earnest work for the cause of temperance? We know at least that a temperance sentiment sprang up in the church, and many parents rejoiced in steady, sober sons.

Twenty years went by, and the pulpit was again vacant. But a zealous, well-to-do congregation now occupied the pews, and when the question arose as to whom should be called, the minds of the people reverted to the good dominie who had given them their first temperance lesson. He accepted their invitation, and once more proclaimed the truth from the familiar pulpit. But how changed were the circumstances under which he labored now. His consistory was largely composed of Band of Hope boys, who had grown to be men with firm temperance principles. A score or more of the mothers of the church were his Band of Hope girls, and their children looked at him with bright eyes from their seats in the Sunday-school. He was cordially welcomed by all, and when one elder said, 'Dominie, we want some stirring temperance work this year; I suppose you are willing to lead,' he gladly answered in the affirmative.

One hoary-headed farmer stepped up and grasped his hand. 'I've lived to tell you, sir, you were right about that matter; liquor—even cider is dangerous. I've seen them go down all around me, bright young fellows who might have been something in the world, but for drink. I wouldn't let my boys sign for you, but they have signed for me since. Thank God and you, my boys are temperance men now.'

As the minister traversed the path from the church to the parsonage that day, tears of joy were in his eyes, and his thoughts went back to the time long gone by. Glancing up at the hillside, where a tall marble shaft marked the grave of his dear Scotch friend, he said to himself, 'I wish he were here to enjoy the fruits of our labors, but I believe he knows.'

Yet all intemperance was not swept from the community, and in a few short months the dominie was called upon to perform that saddest duty of a clergyman, the conducting of the funeral service of a drunkard. Great care must be observe so as not to say a word to wound the already bleeding hearts of the bereaved, and he must be doubly cautious that he does not mislead the living.

After the service, when he tried to speak soothingly to the dead man's daughter, she told him that she was utterly crushed to think that her father had ended his life in a drunken brawl; her husband, too, she sadly mentioned, was going in the same terrible way.

As he turned from the newly-made grave, her pastor silently wondered if the woman recalled the time when she had told him that God made apples, and apples made cider and whisky, so she was going to drink them.—'Union Signal.'

And you have suited just splendid,' she added, with her most grown-up air.

So Grace Collins found a happy home, and Mrs. Green gained a loving, generous husband through Maggie Bryan's unique way of 'doing unto others as she would that they should do to her.' In telling her mother of it afterwards she said: 'After this, when I am tempted to talk about anybody, I will think first if it ought to be said at all. If it ought I will go straight to the person and say it. What if I had not said that to Mr. Green?'

[For the Messenger.

Sailors.

'Come here, Ronald, and let sister put on your nice new suit.'

'Don't wan't any nice new suit.'

'Oh, Ronny! See what a beautiful suit it is, see this big blue collar, just like the sailors wear.'

'What's a sailor ?'

'A sailor? Oh, don't you know what a sailor is? A man that sails, you know, sails on a big ship and goes all over the world,' replies Gracie with a very wise look.

'What's a s'ip?' inquires Baby Ronald, who is of an enquiring turn of mind.

'What's a sailor and what's a s'ip?'

'Oh, Ronnie dear, do let me put on your suit, mother told us to hurry, and there she is calling us now. Do be a good boy, and I'll ask mother to tell you all about sailors and ships when you are dressed.'

Thus admonished, Ronald obediently allows Gracie to put on him his new suit, and merrily runs away from her to climb into mother's arms as her step is heard on the stair.

'What's a sailor, and what's a s'ip?' he asks.

'A sailor and a ship?' repeats mother.

'Yes, Gracie said a sailor sailed in a s'ip, and I don't know what a sailor is.'

Mother takes Ronnie on her knee and Gracie sits down on her favorite low chair beside mother.

'Sailors are men who work on big ships, see, there is a picture of a ship, and the sailors make the ship go through the water. Would you like me to tell you the story of a sailor I once knew?'

'Yes,' 'yes,' replied both children.

'Well, once there was a naughty little boy who ran away to sea—'

'I'm a dood boy,' observes Ronald, complacently.

'This little boy was naughty, and when his mother punished him he was very angry, and ran away from her, and went to where there was a ship and got on board. The ship sailed away—'

'I fought it was the sailor sailed.'

'Ronald must not interrupt the story,' says Gracie, gently.

'The ship sailed away from land and the little boy began to wish he was at home with his mother, as the captain gave him very hard work to do.'

'What's a captain '

'The captain is the man at the head of the ship.'

'Do s'ips have heads?'

'Ronnie dear, do let mother go on with the story,' pleads Gracie.

Mother proceeds:—'The boy had very hard work to do and often wished himself back at home with his mother, but the ship did not come back to the place it sailed from for eight years, and by that time Tom had grown to be quite a man. When at last they got back he went to see his mother, but there was nobody in the old home. The neighbors said that the whole family had moved away, and they did not know where they had gone. Tom felt very sorry not to see his mother again, and when he went back to the ship he thought that no one cared anything for him, so he could be just as bad as he wanted to. Some time after this the ship stopped at a big city and all the sailors went off the ship to see what the city was like. As they came down to the wharf, a nice, kind gentleman met them and asked them if they would not like to come and spend the evening in a beautiful, warm, bright reading-room, where they might read or play games or listen to sweet music, and he gave them each a ticket, inviting them to this 'Sailors' Institute' and giving them the number and name of the street.

'Some of the men threw away the tickets, saying that they were "going to the saloon to have a jolly time." Tom knew that if they did have "a jolly time," at the saloon that night they would be very sorry for it in the morning when they would wake up with a headache and find all their money gone, so he persuaded two or three of his

mates to come with him and see what kind of a place this "Sailors' Institute" was. They found it to be all that the kind gentleman had described, and they spent a very pleasant evening there. They felt that it was so home-like and everyone was so kind, that they spent most of their time there while they stayed in the city.

'When the ship sailed away again, the kind lady at the "Sailors' Institute" had given to each of the men a beautiful, bright little bag, saying, "Here is a comfort bag for you, I hope it will come in handy." Tom laughed, comfort was something he knew very little about, but he thanked the lady for her gift, and as soon as he got back to the ship he opened the bag to see what was in it. What do you think he found? Well, first of all he found a letter, addressed, "To a dear Young Sailor." Now, Tom had never had a letter in his life before this, and he felt as though something great had happened to him. He looked at the front of it, then turned it over; it was sealed. He concluded to lay it aside till he had looked at all the other things in the bag. The next thing he drew out was a large penknife—Tom's eyes glistened as he saw it, "Just the very thing I was wanting," he said, as he tried the blade to see that it was sharp and keen, "this is a beauty, too."

'The next thing that Tom drew out made him laugh heartily, it was a a celluloid thimble. Probably the person who had put it in the bag thought it very large indeed, not so Tom, for it scarcely went on his little finger, sailor men's hands do grow so large.

'He laughed again as he drew out a neat little pin-cushion full of pins, but he realized their usefulness, as well as that of the ball of wool, needle-case with all kinds of needles, black and white linen thread, a little bag of buttons, a sheet of court-plaster, a cake of soap, a pencil, a quire of note paper and a package of envelopes! Who would have thought that all those things could have come out of that little red bag with the green and gold pattern?

'He placed all his treasures in a row on his berth and turned them all over and over. How kind and thoughtful some one was to fix that nice "comfort bag" for him, he thought, it would indeed be a comfort to him.

'He now took up the letter to see what it said, and he read:—"Dear Young Friend, I am an old lady of seventy-six, and I have sewed much love into this bag as I made it for you. I hope you will like all the things I have put in. Most of all I hope you will love and read the little Testament which I have marked for you. Dear boy, I shall be praying every day that you will study it, and that you will give yourself to Jesus who 'is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.' God bless you, my boy." Tom's tears were falling fast as he finished this letter, and he took from the bag the little Testament, which he had purposely left in it. Opening the book at random, he came upon a clearly marked verse—"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." And with a humble cry for mercy he dropped on his knees and called upon the name of the Lord. He gave his heart to Jesus and Jesus received him and filled his heart with peace and joy.'

'Is that all, mother? It was a lovely story. Mother, couldn't I do something to help the sailors? What could I do?' asks Gracie.

Mother smiles as she kisses the earnest little face, saying 'Certainly, darling, you can do something to help. You can pray for the dear sailors—yes, and I'll show you how to make a comfort bag, and you can mark a Testament and write a letter to the sailor, too.'

'I nearly went to s'eep, tause I touldn't ask questions,' murmurs Ronald drowsily, 'but I is very glad the sailor boy gived his heart to Jesus and was a dood boy.'.

IVY LEAF.

Our Helper.

Father, I need thee, troubles abound,
Billows on billows break all around;
Hold out Thy helping hand,
Help me in faith to stand;
Thou dost the waves command—
I shall not sink.

Father, I need Thee! dangers are near;
Thine arm around me, I will not fear.
Teach me Thy voice to know
Speaking so clear and low,
'Fear not, with Thee I go,
Thou shalt o'ercome!'

Father, I hear Thee!—hear and obey,
Know Thou art near me, near me alway—
Near me when troubles lower,
Near in temptation's hour,
Near me, O love and power!
Yea, more than near!

Father, I trust Thee!—Thou wilt defend,
Comfort and guard me on to the end;
Still would I do my part,
Keep a brave, cheerful heart;
Since Thou my helper art,
I shall not fall.

—'Waif.'

Little Folks.

Whistling Tim.

This is how Tim looked when we first knew him. And yet not just like this picture, for then his hands and face were almost as black as his clothing. But he was one of the happiest of boys, in spite of his rags and dirt.

He was always whistling some merry tune, apparently forgetting his own condition. Never did he think of himself, but always of his 'whustlun;' for Tim had the heart of a musician, and many were the quaint little tunes and airs of his own composition with which he beguiled busy hours. He was such an inimitable whistler that passers-by would often stop and listen, while not infrequently they would smile in sympathy with him as some trill of more than usual brightness fell from his lips. With his lips gathered to the requisite pucker, his head bent to one side, his eyes turned on his work, his hands holding the broom as he swept the crossing, Tim would whistle.

TIM AT HIS CROSSING.

Along the street where Tim swept were a number of canaries. Everybody knows how they can warble and trill and carol, and with a shake of their tiny heads open their beaks and let the melody come forth. Now Tim was a mimic; and when he worked near the homes of the little feathered songsters, he would listen intently as the sound of their singing floated through the windows. When they were silent, if only for a moment, Tim would whistle, and it was hard to distinguish between them.

One day when passing a mission chapel he heard some music, and stopped. A lady standing in the doorway saw the wistful look on the boy's face, and invited him to enter. Tim went in, and was very still as he listened to the voices of the children singing the story of the wonderful Christ-child. When the singing ceased, Tim slipped quietly away. A few days later he passed that way again, and, hearing the music, went in; but this time his hands and face were nearly as clean as those of the other children, but his clothes were about the same. Tim decided to remain as long as the rest did. After a while a basket was passed, and Tim saw that there was money in it. He had just a penny in his pocket—all the money he had—but in it went with the others. Then Tim listened for the first time to the story of Jesus, and he was glad to give something for the 'Man wat giv His life for me.'

After that Tim went almost every day, and each time he looked cleaner and better cared for than before. And each day he became more deeply interested in the story of the Christ. One day a street friend of his stopped him and ridiculed him for 'goin' to the 'misshun.' When his companion was through his taunts, Tim replied: 'Say, pard, I'se a silent pardner in the concern, an' I hez to go to see how de thing gets along.' Then he turned away and went.

When Tim realized, as he soon did, that he was a perishing sinner, and that Christ had died to save him, he joyfully accepted Jesus as his Saviour, and was content.

Tim is as great a whistler as ever, but now he is in school studying to make the best of his opportunities. His life promises to be one of usefulness for his Master; for Tim is under orders now, and serves in the army of the great Captain. He is a faithful soldier.—'Children's Treasury.'

Against the Rules.

'Now, Jim, if you go, you must not pick any flowers. Remember last time, you were spoken to.'

'All right, Sissie; how you fuss,' and off the boy scampered, to enjoy the delights of the wild part of Kew. In his imagination it was an Indian jungle, and he was stalking 'big game,' like Uncle Halford. He crept behind the trees, pointed his cane like a rifle, lay prone amid the long grass, as he had read the hunters did, and had a thoroughly good time in this wild forest.

But even a big shoot grows dull,

SECOND QUARTER.—LESSON I.—April 4.

Peter Working Miracles.

Acts ix., 32-43. Commit vs. 32-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.'—Acts ix., 34.

Lesson Story.

The persecution which had come so violently upon the desciples at the time of Stephen's martyrdom had died away now and the Church was prospering and increasing.

Peter set out on a tour of the churches, and when he arrived at Lydda he found a man named Eneas who had been very ill in bed for eight long years, 'sick of the palsy.' Taking compassion on the poor sufferer, Peter said to him, 'Eneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole, arise.' The power of Jesus Christ came into the poor worn-out frame and shrunken limbs, and the man instantly arose strong and well. And all the people of that region saw the healed man and recognized that the miracle had been performed by the power of Jesus, thus proving him to be the Lord.

Now Peter received a message from the desciples who lived at Joppa, saying that a noble Christian woman named Dorcas, famed for her charitable deds, had just died. Joppa was about ten miles from Lydda and Peter went with the messengers without delay. When he arrived at the house, he found the death chamber full of the poor women to whom Dorcas had been so kind in her life, these were weping and pointing out the various garments which this good woman had made for them. Peter sent them all out of the room and kneeling down prayed earnestly that Jesus would restore the life of this good woman, for the glory of the Lord and the advancement of his kingdom. Then, turning to the body, he said, 'Tabitha, arise.' And she opened her eyes and sat up, giving her his hand he lifted her up, and calling the saints and widows presented her alive.

Such a miracle was naturally much talked of throughout the country, and many through it, were led to believe in the Lord. Peter stayed in Joppa for some time after this at the house of a tanner named Simon.

Lesson Hymn.

Whoever receiveth the Crucified One,
Whoever believeth on God's only Son,
A free and a perfect salvation shall have:
For he is abundantly able to save.

Whoever repents and forsakes every sin,
And opens his heart for the Lord to come in,
A present and perfect slvation shall have:
For Jesus is ready this moment to save.

My brother, the Master is calling for thee;
His grace and His mercy are wondrously free;
His blood as a ransom for sinners he gave,
And he is abundantly able to save.

Lesson Hints.

'Peter passed throughout all quarters,' visiting the churches. Most churches seem to be the better for the occasional stimulant of a visit from a stranger, some grand, wise, godly man, full of the Holy Spirit, cheering and encouraging them on the way. 'Lydda'—A large city, called 'Lud' in the Old Testament, about one day's journey from Jerusalem. 'Jesus Christ maketh thee whole,'—Peter was very careful to guard against any glory being given to himself. 'Saron,' or 'Sharon'—A fertile distirct in north-west Judea, of which Lydda was the principal city.

'Dorcas'—The Greek for 'Tabitha,' meaning a gazelle. 'Good works and almsdeeds which she did'—Many Christians are full of good works and almsdeeds' which they dream about but do not practically accomplish. The way to get good works done is to do them. Works without faith and love cannot bring us near to God, for 'faith without works is dead.' If we love Christ we will love to work for him and for those over whom he yearns with such infinite pity—our neighbors.

'Was sick and died'—People almost invariably wonder, and generally murmur when Providence deprives them of one of their loved ones, but 'His ways are always wise.' It may be that the work of that one was finished upon earth, or that more might be led to Christ by the death than by the life. There is always some infinitely wise reason which we in our blindness cannot always see or comprehend. We cannot always understand his ways, but we can always trust his love for us.

'Not delay to come'—They were in great trouble and having doubtless heard of the wonderful healing of Eneas, they thought that Peter might be able to help them in some way. Perhaps they hardly dared hope that he could do anything but console and encourage them, for as yet the deciples had performed miracles of healing the sick only.

'While she was with them'—We must improve every present opportunity for helping others for we know not how soon we shall be called hence to give an account of the deeds done in the body. 'Put them all forth'—Doubtless Peter remembered with great intensity a somewhat similar scene when he had gone with our Lord to the house of Jairus whose little daughter was lying dead. The master had sent out of the room all but the chosen few who were to witness the restoring of life to the little maid. 'He gave her his hand'—Remembering how our Lord had lifted the little maiden. Notice the outstretched hand in many of the recorded healings. We need to stretch out our hands to the poor and needy and help them with the loving personal touch.

'Known throughout all Joppa'—That the power of the name of Jesus Christ had wrought this wondrous miracle. 'And many believed in the Lord,' as the Messiah.

'Simon, a tanner'—The Jews held the trade of tanner as most despicable and abominable. Peter's staying with this man shews that he was breaking away from old prejudices and becoming prepared for his mission to the Gentiles.

'Joppa'—the modern Jaffa, on the coast about thirty miles north-west of Jerusalem, connected with it by railway.

Search Questions.

1. Give an instance of the healing of another paralytic?

2. Is this the only instance of life being restored to the dead through the apostles?

Primary Lesson.

We have two beautiful stories to-day of miracles which Jesus worked through Peter. There was a poor man who had been sick for eight years. Peter went to visit him and told him about Jesus and how he could make him quite well. Eneas believed on Jesus and when Peter said to him, 'Arise,' he got up at once because Jesus made him perfectly whole and well and strong.

Just think how happy Eneas must have been and how gladly he must have gone round telling every one of his wonderful cure; how Jesus Christ had made him well. Perhaps some of the people he told the news to were sick and feeble as he had been. Suppose Eneas said to them, 'See how well I am, Jesus Christ saved me from my sickness. He saved me from having to stay in bed all my life. Would not you like him to heal you?' Then, perhaps, they turned wearily over and said, 'Well, we can see a change in you, but we don not believe anybody could ever make us well or happy.' Would it not be sad to see them turn away like that? Yet a great many people now are turning away from Jesus. They see that he has saved other people from their sins, yet they do not believe he can save them. They do not know what they are missing when they turn from the tender love of Jesus.

In a city called Joppa there was a very good woman who used to spend most of her time helping poor people, making clothes for those who needed them and being kind and loving to every one. This woman died. she was a great loss to the church, and her friends hurried to send for Peter to help them. When Peter came he knelt down and prayed. Then he said, 'Tabitha, arise,' and she opened her eyes and sat up. Imagine how glad the people all were to see her alive again.

Suggested Hymns.

'Throw out the life line,' 'Jesus saves,' 'Stand up for Jesus,' 'Rescue the perishing,' 'Jesus bids us shine,' 'Scatter the sunshine,' 'Work for the night is coming.'

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC.

March 28.—'What Christian heroism is and does.'—Luke 9: 18-26; 51-62.

JUNIOR PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

March 28.—'How can we become true heroes?'—Luke 9: 18-26.

Practical Points.

BY A. H. CAMERON, TIVERTON, ONT.

The active Christian will always find some opportunity of doing good. (5: 32, 33.)

The successful Christian worker gives the Lord the glory due to his name. (5: 34.)

A great sinner saved is a powerful sermon. (5: 35.)

The desciples had much faith in Peter and still more in God. The Lord does not always gauge his answers to prayer according to the measure of our faith. (5: 38.)

A Christian's good character, kind words, and generous deeds are the best monuments ever built to his memory. (5: 39.)

The fact that we cannot heal the incurable or raise the dead should never hinder us from comforting the distressed, succoring the needy and encouraging the despondent. (5: 40, 41.)

We cannot estimate the far-reaching influence of a good deed, and many a kind act which the doer may have forgotten is immortalized in the records of the King. (5: 42.)

Self Control.

The first lessons of the child are received through the mental and moral atmosphere that surrounds him. He may not be able to understand the state of rest or disturbance that is about him; but he feels it, is quieted or irritated by it. Every mother knows that the infant in arms will respond to her silent grief with its own quivering lip and anxious face. It could not understand her words, but it feels her sorrow. It is the same with joy. The child is happy because the air about it is permeated with the happiness of parents and friends. So even before the little one can mentally comprehend it can intuitively feel the power of self control in those around it, and recognizes that anger may be felt and yet not manifested. Its next lesson in self-control will be in imitating that which it has observed. It will restrain its exhibitions of anger because it has seen its elders do so. The child that kicks or throws himself upon the floor in a whirlwind of passion because he cannot have his own way has will power enough to control himself if he could, only be taught the great value of self-government. He will soon learn self-control if he finds that he never gets what he cries for, but that, instead, he will more surely have his desires if he is quiet and self-controlled. When he learns that 'no' means unalterably 'no' he will not waste his strength in fruitless cries.

Self-control may be early taught by not permitting the child to handle everything that is within his reach. Some parents think that they must put all forbidden things out of the baby's way. This policy, if pursued to any great extent, has two results. It either stimulates the child to transgress and attain the desired article by foul means, or slyly to seek other ways of being mischievous. It is indeed a tax upon a child to be surrounded by many attractive things, all of which are forbidden, and parents should not unduly strain the child's powers of obedience, but while forbidding one thing provide something in its stead. 'You must not play with the album, but here are books that are yours to handle and look at as much as you please.' 'You must not take mamma's vase from the shelf, but here are dishes that are your own.' In this way the child realizes that it is not a desire to interfere with his pleasure that prompts the restriction. But some one may say, 'If we always give something in place of that we take away we have not taught self-control.'

It seems to me that we have taught the most valuable lesson of self-control, which is, if we cannot get one thing there is always something else that we may have, and instead of feeling it a virtue that we can 'grin and bear it' and in a way calling ourselves 'blessed martyrs,' we will look about us to see in what way we can soonest forget our disappointment in something which is perfectly permissible. 'It rains, you cannot go to the picnic, but you may help me bake,' is a lesson for a day when pleasure is interfered with and the child asks, 'What can I do, mamma?' instead of pouting because it cannot go, and this is self-control. —Dr. Mary Wood Allen in 'Congregationalist.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Marjorie's Corner--One, One, One Puffs.

'Norah, will you let me make something for tea?' asked Marjorie, coming into the kitchen one afternoon.

'Sure, an' I will,' said Norah, 'for it is a fine little cook you're getting to be, and a great help to me.'

'Thank you, Norah,' said Marjorie, as she tied on a gingham apron over her pretty plaid dress. 'You see, this recipe is very easy to remember, for it's one of everything.'

The first thing Marjorie did was to take a big, yellow bowl from the closet and carefully sift one cupful of flour into it. Then breaking a fresh egg into another bowl, she beat it until it was light. Having poured one cupful of sweet milk into the flour, she added the egg and mixed them all carefully together, beating the batter with a wire spoon until her arm was tired.

'I almost forgot the salt,' she said, adding a pinch.

Taking a muffin pan which contained eight rings, Marjorie greased each one liberally, and then dropped a spoonful of the batter into it.

'Before I put them in the oven to bake I must see that it is not too hot, because, Norah, if it is, they won't rise, and that's the beauty of them.'

The oven proved to be just right, so Marjorie put the pan in, and then looking at the clock, said:

'I must let them bake for fifteen minutes, and I mustn't even look at them once either because it makes them fall; and spoils them to open the door.'

Marjorie watched the clock anxiously, and when Norah rang the bell five minutes before six, she could hardly keep still.

'It will take the folks five minutes to get down, Miss Marjorie, and I thought you'd be ready by that time.'

'Why, what's that?' asked papa a few minutes later, as flushed and excited Marjorie entered the dining-room with a plateful of golden brown cakes.

'They are one, one, one puffs,' cried Marjorie.

'They're delicious, that's what they are,' said brother Jack, helping himself to a second.

And that's what they all said.—'N. Y. Observer.'

Their Bread and Butter.

Many physicians, according to a lecturer on dietetics, are ordering thin bread and butter for delicate patients, especially those suffering from dyspepsia, consumption, and anaemia, or any who need to take on flesh. This thin bread and butter insensibly induces persons to eat much more butter than they have any idea of. It is extraordinary, says the lecturer, how short a way a pat of fresh butter will go if spread on a number of thin slices of bread. This is one advantage, and a great one, in the feeding of invalids, for they are thereby provided with an excellent form of the fat which is so essential for their nutrition in a way that lures them to take it without rebellion.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more to different addresses, 25c each.

Ten or more to one address, 20c each.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy: United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouses Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable at Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE "DAILY WITNESS."

The coming session of the Dominion Parliament is going to be one of unusual interest and everyone is vitally connected with the questions which will be discussed and settled. Most important among these is the granting of the Plebiscite on the liquor traffic. The reform of the tariff will engross the attention of the house for a long time, and the arguments pro and con will be the strongest possible and well worth reading. A cold storage system is also on the programme, as is some lively talk on the Laurier-Greenway settlement of the school question and on the interference of the bishops in the free exercise of the franchise.

All this, with the exciting turn foreign affairs have taken, will make the reading of a daily paper most interesting and profitable. For this reason we make the following offers:

For four subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30c each we will send the 'Daily Witness' to any address during the whole of the next session of Parliament.

For 75c we will send the 'Daily Witness' to any address during the coming session.

Begin Right Here, Now.

New Family Record a Beautiful Picture in 12 Rich Colors

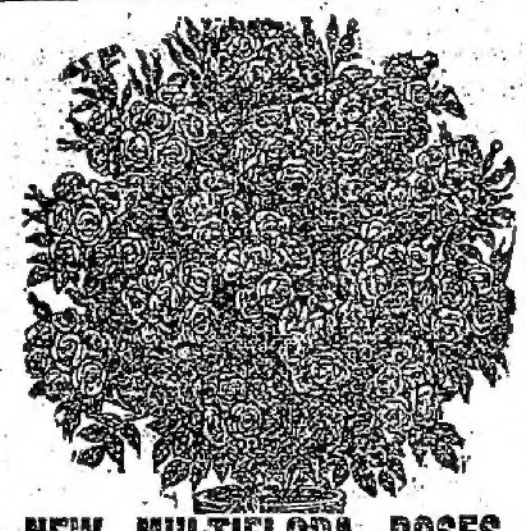
Upon a Back Ground of Solid Gold.

Tremendous Seller. **Agents Wanted.**

We have hundreds of other pictures; genuine oil paintings, water colors, fac simile pastels, chromos and engravings that sell in art stores at one dollar up to fifteen dollars. Our agents sell them at less than half these prices and make money fast.

Samples Free for 12 cents to pay mailing expense. Take your choice of Family Record, Marriage Certificate or Memorial Picture. Names and dates filled in by pen artist for 50 cents extra for each picture, lovely work; or you may order any one of the following, and we will send it free if you send 12 cents to pay mailing expenses, viz.: The Lord's Prayer, The Life of Christ, The Ten Commandments, The Beatitudes, Jesus in the Temple at 12 years of age, or Christ Blessing Little Children. Each Picture contains 12 to 14 harmonious colors and is worth a dollar at Art stores. This offer is made to secure agents. Triflers, and boys and girls under 18 years of age need not answer this advertisement. We can supply new, quick selling goods all the year round. We refer to any Bank or Commercial Agency in the United States or Canada.

Address, *AMERICAN SUPPLY HOUSE*, 82 to 90 West Seneca St., Buffalo, N.Y.



NEW MULTIFLORA ROSES.

With seed of these new Roses, plants may be had in bloom in 60 days from time of sowing. Plant at any time. They grow quickly and flowers appear in large clusters, and in such quantity that a plant looks like a bouquet. Perfectly hardy in the garden, where they bloom all summer. In pots they bloom both summer and winter. From a packet of seed one will get Roses of various colors—white, pink, crimson, etc.—no two alike, and mostly perfectly double and very sweet. Greatest novelty this year. **Fresh Seed 25c.** per pkt.—or for **40c.** we will send

1 pkt. **New Multiflora Roses.** All colors.
1 " **Moss Verbena.** Exquisite novelty.
1 " **Japanese Chrysanthemum.** All colors.
1 " **Weeping Palm.** Highly ornamental.
2 " **Pansy,** 1 New Scarlet, 1 New Giant Mixed.
1 **Resurrection Plant.** A great curiosity.
1 bulb **Spotted Calla.** Exceedingly lovely.
1 " **Montbretia.** Intensely brilliant.
2 " 1 **Rain Lily,** 1 **Variegated Tuberose.**
6 " **Fancy Gladiolus.** All different colors.
10 " **Oxalis.** Mixed colors. Also,

Our great 144-page Catalogue, and the **MAYFLOWER Monthly Magazine** for a year (64 pages and colored plate each month, devoted to Flowers and Gardening). Worth $1.50, but for trial

All the above for 40 cts., postpaid.

Or send us **10c.,** and the names of 5 or 10 people who cultivate flowers and purchase seeds or plants and we will mail you pkt. Rose Seed and Catalogue.

OUR CATALOGUE of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, and Rare New Fruits is the finest ever issued: profusely illustrated. Several colored plates, 144 pages. Sent FREE to any who order or who expect to, later.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

EPPS'S COCOA.

ENGLISH
BREAKFAST COCOA

Possesses the following Distinctive Merits:

DELICACY OF FLAVOR
SUPERIORITY in QUALITY.
GRATEFUL and COMFORTING
to the NERVOUS or DYSPEPTIC.
NUTRITIVE QUALITIES UNRIVALLED.

In Quarter-Pound Tins only.

Prepared by JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

When you plant seeds, plant

FERRY'S

Always the best.

For sale everywhere.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

USE **BABY'S OWN** SOAP

YOUR NAME NICELY PRINTED on 20 Rich, Gold-edge Hidden Name, Silk Fringed Envelopes, &c. Cards, a 25c present, and this Gold Plated Ring, all for 10c. Samples and private terms to agents, 3c. Address STAR CARD Co., Knowlton, P.Q.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the Editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'